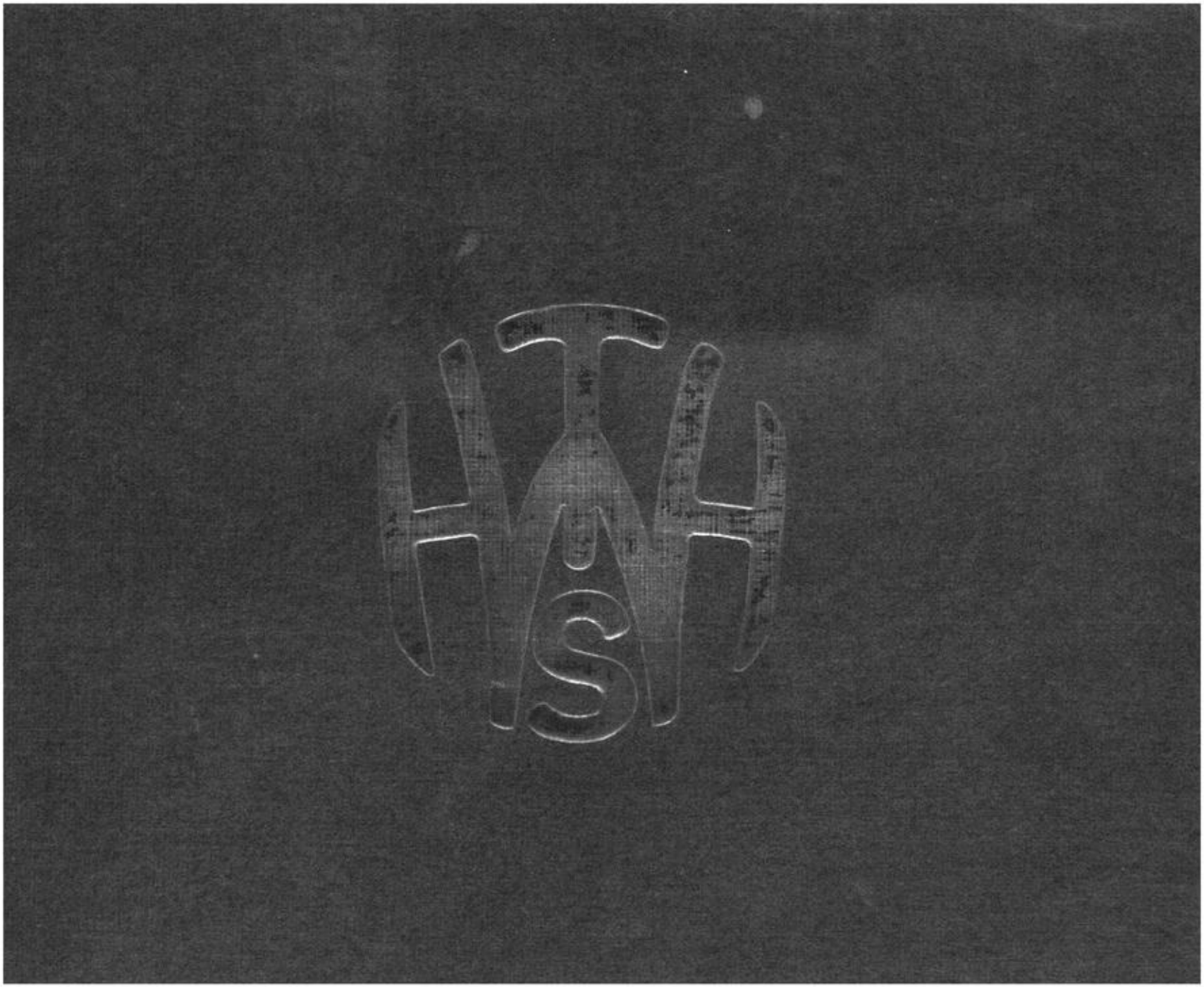
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Anna M. Regan.
West J. Hall.
Indiana,
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The Echo

1916

THE ECHO (1)

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WEST TERRE HAUTE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

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GLEN D. BROWN

KATHARINE ROGERS

A RETROSPECT

THE West Terre Haute High School was opened in September 1906, with Mr. W. R. Lambeth as superintendent, principal and faculty.

The school began its work in the old brick building that stood on the site of the present high school building. Twelve boys and girls had the distinction of being enrolled.

At the end of two years the school had outgrown its meagre accommodations. The need of a larger building became imperative when Wiley High School, on account of its crowded condition, refused to take any students from West Terre Haute, except those who were entering their Senior year. Therefore, in 1908, the Board of Education—J. C. Kelley, John Erwin and Charles Sims let the contract for the present high school building.

Great credit is due to these men and their successors for the conscientious effort they have made to build, equip and maintain our high school.

On the twenty-third day of November, 1908, about twenty-five appreciative students began work in the new building.

In 1909 Mr. George Grosjean and Miss Josephine Sherry took charge of the high school work. At the end of that year Miss Sherry resigned and was succeeded by Miss Helen Ross.

The year 1910 was a memorable one in the history of the school for two reasons; that year, for the first time, the complete four year's course was offered, and the school received its first commission from the State Board of Education.

Forty-three students were enrolled in 1910.

Two of the twelve students who entered in 1906—Sadie Craft and Ray Irwin—were graduated in 1911.

In 1911 Miss Kate V. Black became a member of the faculty, and Miss Katharine Rogers was elected supervisor of music and drawing. Miss Louise Jaenisch was elected instructor in mathematics.

Miss Anna Piepenbrink resigned her position as teacher of the second grade in 1912, to accept a position in the German department of the High School.

In 1912 six students were graduated.

Miss Helena Mapes was appointed instructor in the science department in 1912.

In 1913 a class of four was graduated.

In 1913 Mr. T. V. Pruitt was elected superintendent of schools and Miss Helen Ross was elected principal of the high school.

Miss Hazel Shortridge became head of the department of mathematics in 1913.

In 1914 the faculty numbered eight members. Three new teachers were elected that year—Mr. Horace Powell, science; Miss Zelpha Burkett, English, and Mr. Glen D. Brown, manual training.

In 1914 a class of eighteen students was graduated. The same number was graduated in 1915.

PREPAREDNESS

PREPAREDNESS for what? For national defense? Certainly. For anything else? Let's see. One should always be prepared for a rainy day; a student should always be prepared for recitation; food must always be prepared for dinner; a tramp should always be prepared for a hasty exit; the Faculty is always prepared for anything. And the High School students, for what should they be prepared? They must be prepared to leave to their posterity just such a masterpiece as Class '16 has succeeded in leaving. In other words, they must get busy on the next annual.

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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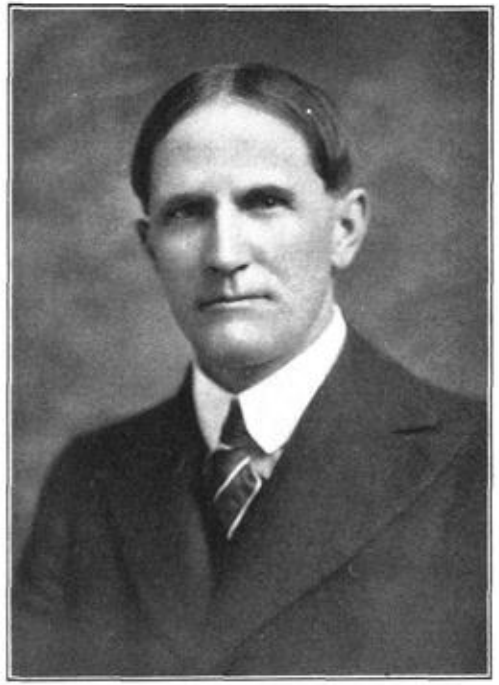

T. V. PRUITT, SUPERINTENDENT

HELEN ROSS, PRINCIPAL

ANNA L. PIEPENBRINK

GLEN D. BROWN

HAZEL SHORTRIDGE

ZELPHA BURKETT

HORACE POWELL

KATHARINE ROGERS

COLLEGE
W. T. H. '16
SENIOR DREAMS

SENIOR CLASS

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

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JAMES CRAFT
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RALPH THORP
LOLA VAN ALLEN
GLADYS ROLLINGS
MILDRED EGGLESTON
VEDA TRUEBLOOD
FRANK CURLEY
ANNA REGAN
LOUISE POPP
RUTH ERWIN
WILLIAM CUMMINS
BESSIE ERWIN
VERA WESTFALL

THE HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear the history of the Senior Class. On the second of September, 1912, fifteen little "Freshies" were seated in the large assembly room of the West Terre Haute High School. These "Freshies" were:—

John McFall
Esther Hurst
Ralph Thorp
Cecil Morgan
Ethel Beard
Raymond Hurst
Veda Trueblood
James Craft
Susie Frey
Georganna Jacobs
Mary Cusick
Frank Curley
Gladys Rollings
Louise Popp

Anna Regan

This was the class until they became Sophomores, then four of them withdrew, John McFall, Esther Hurst, Cecil Morgan and Susie Frey. The following year, the Junior year, the class gained more than it lost the preceding year. Then there were twenty-seven members for the Senior class in 1915-16. The members of the class now are:—

Mildred Eggleston
Louise Popp
Lola Van Allen
Jeanette Derby
Georganna Jacobs
Anna Regan
James Craft
Ralph Thorp
Bessie Erwin
Bethel Lane
Paul Fears
Mabel Thorp
Ethel Beard
Dewey Annakin
William Cummins
Frank Curley
Arthur All
Veda Trueblood
Bernice Holbert
Ruth Erwin
Edna Lakin
Arlo Lane
Howard Donham
Vera Westfall
Raymond Hurst
Wilbur Kern

Gladys Rollings

These members pass out of the High School May 24, 1916. I am sure each member has enjoyed his High School career and will feel a tinge of regret at leaving it forever as a student.

Three cheers for W. T. H. H. S.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

THOUGHTS OF NEXT YEAR

JUNIOR CLASS

A JUNIOR BIOGRAPHY

A stands for Amos,
Not the prophet of old
But a dear little Junior
As precious as gold.

B is for Bennett,
The king of the clowns,
And wins from the teachers
Many horrible frowns.

C is for Clara,
A dear little girl,
Over whom the flag of fame
Will some day unfurl.

D is for Della,
A maid quite fair
Who ensnares many masculine hearts
Into her lair.

E is for Erwin,
Our poetess demure
Who, some of these days
Will be far from obscure.

G is for Grace,
Who has beautiful eyes
And wears on her feet
A pair of No. fives.

H is for Harris,
Our "wandering" Jew,
Who is always thinking
Of something to do.

J is for John Bowens,
Who seeks in vain
For a girl who will love him,
Through sunshine and rain.

M is for Marion,
A comedian of fame
Who has won from the faculty
A remarkable name.

N is for Nellie,
In Scotland made
We fear that she ever
Will be a staid old maid.

P is for Pruitt,
A daughter of Venus
P is for Paul,
A natural born genius.

R is for Ruby,
A gem most rare,
Who glides through life
With "nary" a care.

S is for Sutton,
Would you think it?
No girl will win his heart;
For some paltry trinket.

V is for Vivian,
A star of his class
And we know that he will
A successful life pass.

W is for Williams,
A student of poise
He often forgets it
And makes much noise.

Y is for Young,
Our orator great
And we Juniors think him
The best in the State.

This is the end
Of my little rhyme,
For I have already taken
Too much of your time.

HAZEL ERWIN.

WE THOUGHT YOU'D
LIKE TO HEAR
FROM US!

SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE SOPHOMORES

President, MARGARET MARKLE

Vice-President, WILLARD BEALL Sec'y and Treas., CLARA POSSOLT

WE, the present Sophomore Class, were organized in 1914 with an enrollment of fifty-two members. Our Class of 1916 consists of thirty-eight members worthy to be called the Sophomore Class of the West Terre Haute High School for our diligent work during our short career in the high school.

That our class is not devoid of talent may be seen in our daily work. Each day we strive for the advancement of our class and school. The class has one ambition—to become the leading class of the school in size, knowledge and power.

SENIOR
JUST A COMMON FRESHIE.
INK

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

Freshies are we, as green as you say,
But we have one great consolation,
In knowing that we have the privilege this day,
Of passing on all our commentations.

Our school is O. K. and as far as we can say,
Our faculty is up to snuff;
There's Pruitt and Ross, for they two are boss,
The others will stand any bluff.

There's Rogers and Burkett, both sing like the birds,
And Powell a fine artist must be,
And Shortridge is short, but what is the diff?
She sure can teach don't you see?

There's Piepenbrink, tall and slim as can be,
But my! how she can talk Deutsch;
Then Brown comes along with his hammer and saw;
And gives everything an artistic touch.

The next in the line are our Seniors fine,
We think they're clear out of reason,
For their splitting of nose and trampling on toes,
We think is downright treason.

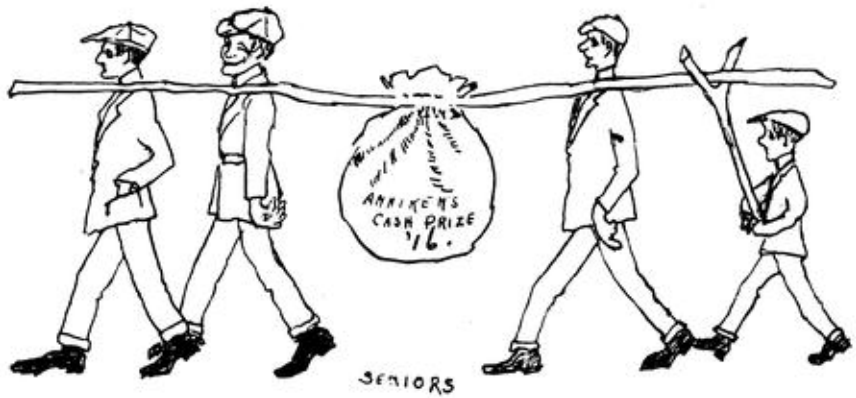
Juniors mean young, but they're strong of lung,
For yells, they have about twenty,
They yell with such zeal, that it makes us feel
That we sure have a plenty.

There's white and red, and it is often said,
That these two shades go well together;
The Sophomores know as the years onward go,
We'll make them *hump* at the leather.

Though we are called green, it is plain to be seen
Your cast-off garments don't fit altogether;
For everyone knows from our head to our toes,
We are all ready to stand together.

Then call us green for the good it will do,
It will make men and women of us that are true,
For the greenest of people all come out on top,
And some that are smarties go down with a flop.

SENIOR QUARTETTE



THE HUNTLEY ORATORICAL CONTEST

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

THE Annual Oratorical Contest was organized in the fall of 1914. This contest developed out of the desire on the part of one of our well-known citizens to aid the high school in its effort to advance the art of speaking before the public.

This organization grew out of a conversation between Mr. Huntley and the Superintendent of Schools in which Mr. Huntley expressed his williness to give annually ten dollars in gold to the student delivering the best oration.

The following day Mr. Huntley met the head of the English Department, Miss Burkett, Principal of High School, Miss Ross, and Superintendent, T. V. Pruitt and determined rules to govern the contest.

The rules were as follows:

1. Each contest should be under the jurisdiction of the High School Faculty.
2. Any student of West Terre Haute High School is eligible to the contest.
3. Winner of contest is not eligible to a future contest.
4. Each student should be graded on basis of 100 per cent.; 50 per cent for expression, 25 per cent for English, and 25 per cent. for thought.
5. Each oration should not exceed twenty minutes.
6. Three judges should be selected by the High School Faculty.

The first contest was held at the Congregational Church December 18, 7:30 p. m. Those participating in the contest were: Josephine All, John Young, Straussa Pruitt, Howard Donham and Ruth Erwin. The prize was awarded to Miss Ruth Erwin, at that time a Junior. Her subject was "Abraham Lincoln."

The judges were representatives from the English Department of Garfield High School and Wiley High School.

The second annual contest was held December 16, 1915. This contest was marked by great manifestation of interest on the part of the public. Much class spirit and enthusiasm was exemplified in class demonstrations which showed the determination of each class to have its representative gain the prize. Those delivering orations in this contest were: Dewey Annakin, Ethel Beard, John Young, Inez Knabb, Arthur All, and Opal Anderson.

The orations, notwithstanding the fact that each student had a different subject, were so well delivered that it was hard to determine the standing.

The prize was awarded Dewey Annakin, Senior. His subject was "A National Conscience."

With the growing interest on the part of the public and class enthusiasm the West Terre Haute High School Oratorical Contest is destined to accomplish its purpose.

RUTH ERWIN
Winner '14

DEWEY ANNAKIN
Winner '15

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IN the twentieth century, when men seek only for selfish ends; and so few are looking for the future betterment of humanity; when men love only things that satisfy their selfish motives; shutting their eyes to the wrongs that infest our land because they fear the scorn of the conservative and self-satisfied masses—what a relief it is to glance back over our past history and dwell upon some of our truly noble characters, who have dared to devote their lives, unselfishly, to a noble principle.

In our Nation's darkest hour, when the curse of slavery had become so dreadful and so powerful that through fear statesmen defended it, and even the church apologized for its existence, and no man dared to raise his voice against it; when this dreaded curse was gnawing out the very heart of our nation, leaving it tottering on a feeble foundation ready to fall to pieces; there arose from the backwoods of Kentucky, a man. A man "tall, sun-crowned, who lived above the fog in public duty and private thinking;" capable of holding together in his firm grasp our wonderful nation, and of binding it with newer and stronger bonds.

Abraham Lincoln was a wonderful man. In his gaunt, ugly body was a heart that beat only for the common good of his countrymen. In that noble soul were all the qualities that go to make up a truly great man. A man who was a sincere statesman, endowed with an intellect strong enough to pull apart and straighten the knotted mass of threads that entangled the institutions of our nation. Yet, as the prophet of old said of the Messiah, so we now say of our noble Lincoln: "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not."

We of the twentieth century cannot realize the opposition with which Lincoln had to contend. Although he was the link that connected the North and the South, two peoples representing different ideas, still he was hated even by those for whom he was devoting his life's efforts. Not only did his own countrymen ridicule and hate him but the same spirit of dislike and criticism prevailed throughout England, where even the daily newspapers maligned him! But Lincoln was fearless, and dared to assert his convictions because he believed them right. His real greatness is revealed to us by his power to contend, unaided, with the opposing conditions of his time.

He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree,
Held on thro' blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell, in whirlwind
He went down,
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky

RUTH ERWIN.

A NATIONAL CONSCIENCE

THE world does not stand still. Perhaps never before did the people realize this fact as now. Now, when through the world goes the roar of the cannon, the rattle of musketry, the beat of drums and the tread of martial feet. When through the world goes the din and crash of battle that shakes the peace of the world to its very foundation. In the world of today people and nations must fall in step and keep up with the mighty strides of world progress, or drop out and let the surging struggling mass push on.

All the world with its science, art, commerce and even labor is going through a great revolution.

In the world, perhaps at the top-notch, in peace, statesmanship, art, commerce and labor stands the United States. We are now showing the finest, most perfect and sublime paintings and statuary the world has seen.

In statesmanship and literature we are showing the most diplomatic problems, the most logical reasoning, and in general, bringing forth the greatest writers of the day. Our scientists are leading the world in their work and inventions.

Our commerce is spreading its mighty arms into the darkest corners of the earth and bringing wealth, never before realized.

In the United States we have the largest bodies of laborers in the world, on whose shoulders rests the welfare of the nation. But along with all this progress there is another element. In this country there is more crime and vice than in all the rest of the world and unless something is speedily done this nation is doomed to the death of any nation, containing such elements as in the days of the Roman and Babylonian Empires.

So, I say, the greatest question of our country is how to break the iron grip of vice and crime on our nation. I am speaking from the point of view of the nation and its welfare. It is practically impossible for the older generations to reform our country. Then it logically falls on the shoulders of the high school students of today.

As we progress in high school there springs up a new spirit and inspiration that is not taught in the school. There comes to us a broader view of our civic life and of life as a whole. There comes the idea that we as individuals are individually responsible for the welfare of our nation. And this is the greatest realization we could have come to us because it is a common habit of the American people to think that the welfare of the nation should fall upon our officials and statesmen. Whenever we, as a people, realize

that we, as individuals are responsible for the welfare of our nation we will begin to develop more rapidly.

Then comes the question, why not let things stand as they are as the present high school population will put them to rights in time.

In the southern states there are more children working in sweat shops and factories than there are in all the high schools of these United States. Mere children working for little or nothing and being deprived of the only thing that will insure social and political betterment. Then you will see that it would be impossible to let things stand as they are.

The drink habit is another element in our country which, if permitted to remain long, will deprive our land of all sources of better manhood and womanhood. It is not only the tragic story of a drunkard's life but it takes all the respect and honor which should be given to their elders by the younger people. It deprives a man of all honor to God, to his nation, to his fellow men or to himself.

This all leads to the one statement—to insure a safe foundation for our country, inspire a national conscience. A feeling that will make a man think, am I by this act bettering not only my neighbor but my country.

Then reflect—education is the only thing to insure a public feeling of honor, respect and loyalty to our great nation.

Anything leading to the downfall of education is leading to the downfall of the greatest nation now in existence.

Omit these curses and inspire education to the mountain peaks of achievement. Make America the only land with a national honor, respect and loyalty.

DEWEY ANNAKIN.

THE ALUMNI

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of Auld Lang Syne."

TIME, moving relentlessly on, hurries us from one thing to another, and we turn gladly from the old and peer eagerly into the future. It is a fine thing for human nature to be so, for only in the measure that we are able to give up old traditions and inquire into new things can we really advance to higher levels of thought and living. But it is also a fine thing to turn back a little sometimes to relate the new things in our life with the old, and to interpret each with the other. So with our high school life and our later experiences. As each succeeding day is checked from the calendar of our lives, we realize more and more the value of our high school days and the memory of them becomes dearer. We are glad because there is a connecting link between those dear old days and these other days just as dear and perhaps a little better in the way we live them, and so, for the sake of the memory that still influences our lives, we call ourselves the Alumni —once the pupils of the same high school and now of the same teacher, Life.

The Alumni of the West Terre Haute High School was organized in 1915 with Georgia Uselman, '14, as president. The members at that time were:

Class of 1911.

Ray Irwin
Sadie Craft.

Class of 1912.

Harry Ohm
Sarah Epperson
Goldie Dillaplane
John Popp
Ruby Popp
Daisy Hodgers

Class of 1913.

Grace Bennett
Goldie Crockett
Doyne Hodgers
Floyd Evinger

Class of 1914.

Hyla Lakin
William Blackburn
Georgia Uselman
Ernestine Cummins
Mary Mapes
Muriel Payton
Raymond Skelton
Raymond Hewitt
Chester Wagner
Myrtle Thomas
Glena Erwin
Glena Ogden
Anna Ray
Adam Bennett
Arthur Hill
Clarence Gosnell
Walter Neil
Lena Rhoades

The first annual reception of the Alumni for the graduating class was given at the high school building May 26, 1915, for the 1915 class which added eighteen members to the Alumni.

Class of 1915.

Josephine All
Coral Briggs
Mary Harris
Burnice Garber
Edith Morris
Lois Black
Eugene Turner
Don Phillips
Herman Gentry
William Hewitt
Floy Hewitt
Straussa Pruitt.
Mary Howerton
Grace Cox
Iva Price
Helen Hawkins
Hazel Epperson
Mary Cusick

Helen Hawkins was elected president for the following year, Georgia Uselman, secretary, and Raymond Skelton, treasurer.

Of the Alumni, twelve members are teachers, most of them of schools in or near West Terre Haute, and thirteen are attending schools, both of which shows the influence of the Alma Mater in shaping the careers of her students.

HELEN HAWKINS.

PIONEER DAYS IN VIGO COUNTY

WHEN America was discovered, the lands of Vigo County were occupied by the Miami Indians and their relative tribes.

By right of discovery England claimed the central portion of the United States, France laid claim to the valley of the St. Lawrence and the wilderness westward and southward, and Spain claimed the region along the Gulf of Mexico with indefinite northern boundaries.

France first occupied the region, establishing trading posts and missions. Later the English crossed the mountains for the purpose of occupying this territory. The struggle between the English and French for possession ended with the French and Indian war in 1763, when the king of France ceded all the territory to the English.

During the Revolutionary War, Virginia troops under George Rogers Clark conquered the territory and occupied the military posts.

In 1800 Indiana territory was organized and General William Henry Harrison was appointed governor and superintendent of Indian affairs

At Fort Wayne, September 30, 1809, General Harrison made a treaty with the Indian tribes—the Miamis and Delawares—by which they ceded to the United States nearly 3,000,000 acres of land along the Wabash River below the mouth of Raccoon Creek, including the lands of Vigo County.

In 1790 the region now known as Indiana and Michigan had been organized into a county and named in honor of General Knox. Other counties were organized from time to time from the territory of this county until it was reduced to a narrow strip extending from the southern to the northern boundaries of the state.

In 1817 the northern part of Knox County was organized into a county called Sullivan County and in 1818 a portion of Sullivan County was organized into a separate county and named in honor of Colonel Francis Vigo.

General Harrison and his army arrived from Post Vincennes in September 1811. His instructions were to select some point within the old "Indian Line" and there build a fort, where he was to drill his army and lead his men against Tecumseh.

When Harrison reached "the highlands"—Terre Haute —the beauty and advantages of the spot determined at once the location to be selected for the fort. During the months of September and October, the trees were cut and the walls of the fort were constructed.

The inclosure was 150 feet square. The two corners to the west were block houses, forming the outer walls and the eastern corners were bastions, two story. The western line toward the river was formed by soldiers barracks. On the north side was the guard house and on the south side was the well and magazine. The stables for the stock were on the north. After the fort was completed Harrison marched out and fought the successful battle of Tippecanoe. Harrison went to Vincennes and left Capt. Taylor in charge of the fort. Sickness among the people followed; then the Indians attacked them. Harrison was secretly sent for and came to conquer the Indians again. When Terre Haute was little more than a neighborhood town, the fort was their metropolis. The officers and their families

called upon in every society movement. The band of the fort would furnish music for the first dances in Terre Haute. The ladies of the fort were the cream of society, where the pioneer girls learned the fashions. They joined in the weddings, picnics and sickness with the people. The people who lived in the fort were considered the leaders in all Vigo County during its young life.

This fort was continued as a military post until 1822, when it was abandoned and disappeared. There were some posts of the main building there, as late as 1848, when its old logs were cut and made into walking canes, ink-stands and other relics.

Authorities differ as to who plowed the first furrow inVigo County. One says that Samuel Middleton, Mallory and one other came together in 1810, and on what is now Col. R. W. Thompson's farm, four miles south of Terre Haute, turned the first furrow and planted several acres of corn. They were then driven off by the Indians and went to Vincennes. Others say that Joseph Liston not only plowed the first furrow, but built the first log cabin. He came from Ohio on horseback; his family and all his goods were packed on two horses. The household goods on one horse and two boys on top of the goods, on the other horse the wife with one child strapped on behind and one in her lap, while the man was on foot. They settled in Prairieton Township. Liston had many hairbreadth escapes from the Indians. After Fort Harrison was built he often took his family to the fort for safety. He was trusted by Harrison and would often report to him raids made by the Indians. He died in 1875.

Martin Adams Drake and others followed Liston in his settlement, this was considered the first wave of immigration to Vigo County. In the second wave of immigration was Curtis Gilbert, who came in December 1815. He was an intelligent, educated youth, with a stock of goods for his employers to Fort Harrison to trade with the Indians. In the summer of 1816, Gilbert made a trading post at the mouth of Vermillion Creek. He built three log cabins, one a store, one Indian quarters and one to smoke that were taken to this place on boats and ponies. He later abandoned the trading post and was made postmaster of the fort. In 1818 the post office was removed from the fort to Terre Haute, at the corner of Ohio and Water streets in a two story frame building, the first frame house in Terre Haute. Curtis Gilbert was a cousin to Demas Deming.

Other early pioneers are Joseph Richardson and Abraham Markle who came on horseback from New York in search of homes. They found a shelter under the roof of Fort Harrison. They soon went back to bring their families. Markle brought the family by boat. He brought a family covered carriage, the first ever seen in what is now Vigo County, and the Indians stole strips of leather from this carriage until it did not remain covered.

Pioneers began to come more rapidly in 1816—due to the fact that the war with England was over, the Indian problem was solved and then the soldiers had returned to tell the older settlers in the south and east about the beautiful territory. In five years after the fort was built the inhabitants of Vigo County numbered three hundred. Vigo County had sufficient population, and on Feb. 15, 1818, was made into a county with its own seat of justice.

Trade and Travel.

The Wabash flat boats were small—not more than twenty, or twenty-five feet long. The first boat arrived in Terre Haute from Vincennes in 1822, the old Terre Haute cannon was fired, the people were out on a great holiday, a

premium of a town lot was given to the captain. Building flat boats, and loading and unloading boats became quite an industry in the town.

The Wabash and Erie canal was completed in 1850 and lasted ten years in Terre Haute. The canal came down past the city cemetery to the foot of Mulberry street, then turned east on Eagle street, then to Tenth street, then to Oak street, and southeasterly and out of the city. The grounds at the Union depot occupy the old canal and engines fly now where once was the old patient canal mule.

National Road.

The heaviest force of workmen was in Terre Haute in 1838-1840, building the National Road which met the bridge at Ohio street and was made due west across the flood plains of the Wabash to National avenue in West Terre Haute.

This town, West Terre Haute, was made a place by the forces working on the National Road. The first building was put up here in 1833, and in 1834, McQuilkin opened a store. The town was platted by Samuel McQuilkin Nov. 22, 1836, on Section 19 and was named Macksville—the Mac being for the platter. In 1867 John Griggs put up a flouring mill, and this was burned in 1870. In 1891 the population of the town was 240.

Schools.

The first graded free school in Terre Haute was dated Jan. 21, 1853, when five trustees were selected. The board met by candle light and decided to send the president to Cincinnati to visit and to investigate graded schools. The school enumeration for this year showed; males 615, females 719, total 1,324. The old seminary building was purchased and three teachers hired to begin school in the fall of 1853.

As the life of the late Chauncey Rose drew near its close, he wished to establish a scientific school for young men, so in 1874 the Rose Polytechnic was founded.

Mrs. Jane P. Coates of Greencastle, founded Coates College in Feb. 1884. The purpose of this college was for the "higher Christian education of women." The college opened the first year with three pupils and two teachers.

Dr. E. F. Spottswood, a representative from Vermillion County to the State Legislature, introduced in the Legislature, in 1854, a bill to establish a Normal School to be supported out of the state funds. A bill passed appropriating $50,000 for a normal school, to be located wherever the citizens would offer the greatest advantages and help in the way of donating not less than $50,000. Vigo County promptly raised the money. Work on the building commenced in 1867 and was completed in 1869. This building burned April 10, 1888.

The St. Mary-of-the-Woods Institution began in 1840, when Joseph Thralls and family invited the Sisters to occupy a part of their log cabin; and five sisters who had just arrived from France accepted his offer and opened school. The first graduating class was one young lady in 1860.

War.

Vigo County sent two companies to Mexico to take part in the war. Vigo did its share in fighting in the Civil War. The Fort Harrison Guards was a military organization, composed of the young men of the city. They notified the governor that they were ready to go at a moments warning, and many others did likewise.

Churches.

The first church built in Terre Haute was erected in 1824—the Central Presbyterian, the organization was composed of ten members. In 1824, a Presbyterian Church

was built on the Darwin road in Sugar Creek Township, called New Hope. When this was being constructed each member furnished a log for the building. After it was progressing nicely a South Carolina abolitionist came along and preached his doctrine, this broke up the church, and it is supposed that each member pulled out his log and went there no more.

A building for both the first school house and church was located on a high ridge in the old gravel pit north of the Vandalia railroad.

The first church in West Terre Haute was built in 1885, a building costing $2,000, the most active worker in this movement was Mr. Corning; the population of the town at this time was 600. Rev. Hayes was the first pastor.

Newspaper.

The first newspaper in the county was published by John W. Osborn in 1824, the Western Register and General Advertiser. The first seven numbers were printed in Washington, Ind., and sent here for distribution. Mr. Osborn was a Canadian. It was a very small, four column folio and made up of all the foreign news it could hold, and when the mails from the east, that came every two weeks, failed to bring news of foreign affairs, they would print sermons, somebody's speech in Congress, or some funny reading matter for the children.

SIMMEONA AND THE LIMUNE LIGHTS

A LONG time ago, before it was ever known that there was a western or even an eastern Hemisphere, when people thought that the earth was flat, there lived in Alubilas, a king, who had five sons and six daughters. His girls were good and beautiful; his wife, the queen, was gentle and lovely, and his sons were manly young gentlemen, but he longed for a daughter, better and more beautiful than anyone had ever seen.

At last he appealed to the king of the fairies to find for him such a child. Of course this worthy was greatly perplexed. He was accustomed to people asking for youth, for wealth, for fame, but this request was novel. Vainly did the king of the fairies rack his brain.

Seven times seven miles from the palace of the king, who sought from the fairies a daughter extraordinary, lived a peasant, who had a little girl called Simmeona. Now Simmeona was very lovely. This man fell ill and his wife and daughter had to work.

Simmeona was not at all vain because of her beauty but she was proud of her country, proud of the confidence her mother had in her and proud of her many beautiful pets.

One day, as the queen of the fairies was riding in great pomp through the city, she saw a remarkably beautiful little girl singing to a crowd on the street corner. The queen pitied the child and resolved to keep a watch over her. That night she told the king of the fairies of the little street-singer.

Early the next morning the king and queen of the fairies set forth to seek the beautiful little singer. They found her selling cream tarts. The fairy king sent a dwarf to summon her to his carriage. He bought the remainder of her tarts and paid her liberally for them. Then he told her who he was.

Instantly she fell upon her knees, but in an angry tone, although inwardly he rejoiced at her tribute, he bade her rise. She stood again and looked timidly around at the fairies and their retinue of dwarfs. The king asked her name and readily the child replied, "Simmeona."

"Are you good?" he next asked.

"No," she answered, "but I try to be."

"Well," he replied, pleased with her answer, "that's as much as any one of us is. We are all bad—more or less, but most of us try our best to be good. Now, tell me, have you any pride?"

"Oh, yes indeed," she quickly responded.

"H'm! of what sort, pray?"

"Oh, of different things," she answered. "I'm proud of my country, of my loving and kind parents, of my beautiful pets and—oh I couldn't begin to tell you."

"Oh, indeed," amused at her reply. "I meant pride of family, or good looks."

"Why, how could I be proud of such things?" she asked in surprise. "I've no ancestors except papa and mama and there is nothing extraordinary about my looks."

Then, satisfied with Simmeona, the fairy told her that he wanted her for the daughter of the king of the land. He told her that the king wanted a daughter who had no false conception of pride, who was good and who was beautiful. That night when she saw in the sky a star, moving and brighter than all the rest, she was not to be afraid, but, when a light commenced playing among her curls, she was to follow the star and let her parents and pets come later. She would soon find either the king or the queen and thereupon her clothes would become magnificent and she would be a princess, but if she were bad or proud she would be punished.

That night, guided by the star, she came upon the queen and the princesses. They entered a room inlaid with sapphires, diamonds and mother of pearl. One of the princesses asked Simmeona if she would please lower the "limune" light. Simmeona did so and discovered that the halo around her head gave more light than did the diamonds and "limunes" together. Thus Simmeona became proud of the halo and tossed her head with pride.

Instantly she found herself, clad in her old clothes, selling cream tarts in the city streets. The star had disappeared but the halo was just floating slowly but surely to the heaven from which it had come. In vain Simmeona wept, prayed and promised to do better. The halo at last became part of the clouds above her.

Simmeona, now without pets and parents, worked. She became rich but remained unhappy. At last she married a prince. Simmeona and her husband ruled wisely and well and taught their three daughters the evil of harboring pride.

When the Indians came to Alubilas, now called America, they named one of their villages Simmeona but this town was afterward destroyed by the Spaniards.

The "limune" lights have long since burned out, Simmeona and the village named in her honor have long ceased to exist but the story is still handed down from generation to generation.

ETHEL ERWIN.

DIFFERENT VIEWS ON THE MEXICAN WAR

TWO lank boys sat on a rail fence near a small country highway. From the serious expression on their faces, the subject of their discussion appeared to be very grave. Their bare feet hung down into the damp grass below. Nearby was a large oak tree at the roots of which was a small pool of water.

Finally the larger of the two boys said, "I'll tell you what, Bill, this thing is very serious."

"You bet it is, Jim," agreed Bill. "Suppose a bunch of them greasers had you strung up by the neck and was ticklin' your feet with knives and daggers."

At this unlooked for scene of horror, Jim lost his balance and fell off the fence into the high grass below. In falling he scared a small lizard which ran away as fast as it could. At this he gave a yell, thinking that the whole Mexican army was after him. Bill helped him up and again both were seated on the fence. Bill too, was white for the yell had awakened him from his dream of horror.

The conversation was resumed and Bill said, "I hear Henry Ford has gone to Mexico with a peace pigeon and three car loads of Fords."

"Say, Bill," said Jim, "if we get whipped in the first battle my pa will have to go. You know he is the best shooter in Squash County."

"He ain't neither," spoke up Bill, "you know my pa won a brass medal as big as a water bucket for shootin' that melon robber that took nearly all the melons in this part of the country."

"Yes, Bill, and he never hit him at all, and spoiled nearly all of Farmer Robbin's melons with buckshot from that old shot gun."

"Well, I don't care, Jim Jones, I wonder who killed the first rabbit last season, my pa did, of course."

Jim did not have a ready answer for this so he remained silent for a while. Finally he said, "Listen here Bill, they don't care how good you can shoot just so you can ride a horse."

"Oh, yes, they do," said Bill. "Suppose your horse got shot and a whole lot of those greasers were at your heels, what would you do then?"

Finally Jim succeeded in changing the subject. He said, "My pa heard that Uncle Sam has bought enough Fords to take the place of horses."

"Yes," said Bill, "and he's got a lot of them new fangled things they call airships."

"Oh, yes, I saw one down at the Parke County fair last year," spoke up Jim. "The feller is strapped in and a man starts it out and it goes up and up till it looks like a

fl.....y." Jim in his enthusiasm had fallen off the fence into the pool of water below. He got up with his face plastered with mud on one side, while the other side was as red as a beet, but suddenly the red changed to white and his legs began to quiver, for peering around the tree, with a large shining knife in his hand, was one of the much hated greasers. Jim quickly resumed his place on the fence as though he had not seen the fellow. The Mexican came slowly from behind the tree. Then Bill saw him and he turned white. Over a red flannel shirt the Mexican had slung a bandoleer of cartridges. His head was covered with a weather-beaten sombrero, while a pair of silver spurs jingled from the heels of his heavy riding shoes. On a belt at his waist hung two large pistols which rattled at each step he took. His little black eyes twinkled wickedly while his small dark mustache twitched occasionally.

The evening sun which reflected upon the knife seemed to hypnotize the two boys. Slowly the boys climbed down from the fence and started to run, but another glance at the knife and they stood still. Finally Bill said, "Say Mr. Greaser we didn't mean no harm, will you let us join your army?"

Just then a gaudy colored wagon appeared around the bend in the road. Finally the man on the front seat happened to see the scene which was being enacted around the bend in the road. He shouted, "Joe, you dirty rascal, what do you mean by scaring those boys?" Then the boys saw that the wagon bore signs which read, "Great Wild West and Mexican Shows." The Mexican started on and soon disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The wagon drew up and the man said, "I'm sorry he scared you and here are two tickets for the show in the next town." Then the wagon started on.

Just then a small boy, who had come up unseen said, "Hey, you fellers, Ma wants to know when you are going to milk the cows." They looked at each other sheepishly and started for home. That night they attended the show and were envied by all the boys in town because they had the best seats in the show.

EUGENE GOSNELL.

THE END OF A PERFECT DREAM

BILLY PERKINS had occupied the celebrated position of a "Freshie" only a month when he had a most wonderful dream.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock. Would that period never end! Billy thought it never would. Laying his sleepy head on his desk he repeated to himself,—"amo, amas, amat, a-mo, a-m-o." The worries of the first conjugation were over for Billy for the present at least.

Sleepy, hungry, Billy was saying his "amos" in an entirely different atmosphere now; perhaps an ideal one for Billy. His hard, uncomfortable seat had changed to a very soft, "cushioned" sofa covered with many downy pillows.

"Are you perfectly comfortable, Billy, dear? Won't you have a new straw for your soda water?" Lady Ross sweetly passed around a bon-bon dish filled with lolly-pops and garnished with Lady Ross' favorite pastime—Wrigley's Spearmint.

"How do you like the way I have my hair dressed, Mary? If you care to you may answer in Latin," continued Billy's Latin teacher.

At this time a colored porter entered and announced that he was ready to conduct Billy to his History class.

Dr. T. V. Pruitt had very recently become famous for his ingenious application of motion pictures to his history recitation. Watching the events of the world go by on a screen was especially advantageous—so Dr. T. V. Pruitt thought—because it did not tax the minds of the students.

Billy was met at the door by Fraulein Piepenbrink and Prof. G. D. Brown who graciously led him to a wonderfully comfortable Morris chair. From this vantage ground Billy could derive much pleasure and benefit from the pictures. Refreshed frequently by pineapple ice and angel food cake furnished by Fraulein and the most distinguished Prof. Brown the period passed away not uncomfortably for Billy. The history recitation closed with a vivid portrayal of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The porter called again and in a few seconds Billy found himself seated at a well filled table in Prof. Hazel Hortense Shortridge's sumptuously furnished arithmetic department. She was teaching the principle that "feet times feet equals square feet" and as an emphatic example she was feeding her students two meals in one, saying that, "Meal times meal equals a square meal."

Billy's next class was English under Prof. Zelpha Burkett held on the campus near the fountain. The present course was Shakespearian, but Prof. Burkett in her unique way was making the work more interesting and modern by explaining to the students in what ways the "Character

Books" written by the High School students excelled the works of Shakespeare.

The arrival of the porter indicated that it was time for Billy to cease delving in the realms of literature and to report to a lecture given by Dr. Horace Powell, B. A., M. D., Phd., D. D., on "The Ordinary House Fly as an Essential Factor in Civilization." Just as Dr. Powell was closing his powerful lecture, sounds of beautiful music were wafted over the evening breezes to the ears of the entranced Billy. The lovely tones grew more and more distinct and Billy soon recognized the melodious voice of the Prima Donna, Miss Katharine Rogers, singing, "Well, This is the End of a Perfect Day." But alas! it was only the end of a perfect dream for Billy. For a hand at his coat collar, and the scorching eyes of Miss Ross immediately brought Billy back to earth again.

HAZEL ERWIN.

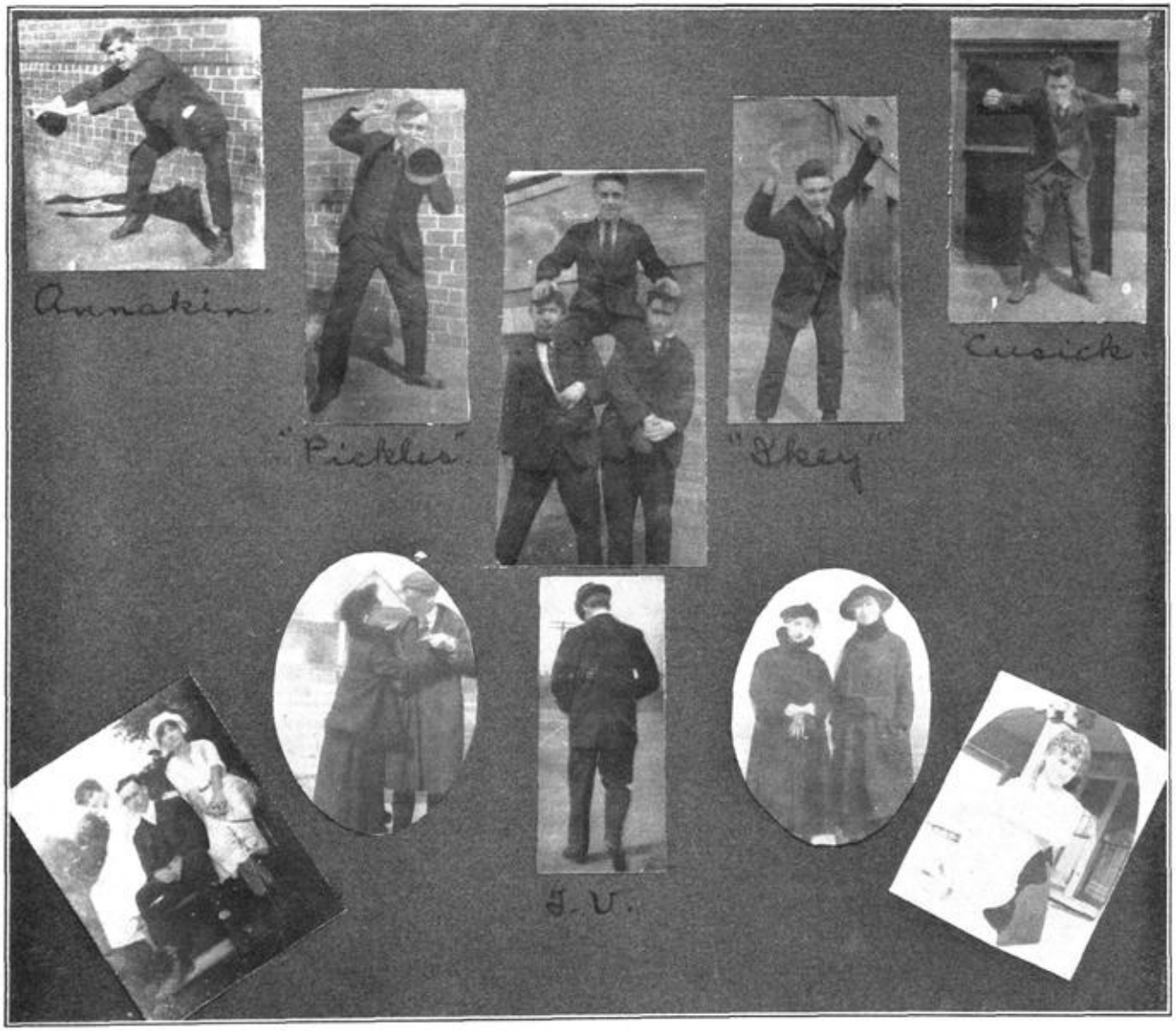
GREATER LOVE

MANY years ago, there lived, in a little village in America, a young boy and girl. They were orphans, but their life was a happy one, for the boy's earnings were enough to keep them both comfortably. Thus they lived for several years. But news reached the little village one day; some thought it good news, others thought it bad. America had declared war on England, she was going to fight for her independence. There was a bustle in the village that morning—men were hurrying to join the army, and women were weeping; for those whom they loved might never come back. When the brother returned from his work that evening, he wished to join, but his sister wept so bitterly and begged him so hard to stay with her that he promised not to join until he was forced.

Sunday came, and the brother and sister made their way to church. The sister listened very carefully that morning, and the clergyman's text kept ringing in her ears: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man may lay down his life for his friend." As they walked home, she told her brother that if he wished to join the army, hard as it would be for them to part, she would not prevent him, "For," she said, "our country needs you more than I, and it would not be right for me to hinder anyone from doing his duty."

This was the last Sunday in which they would be together for years, and they spent it in prayer; the brother prayed for his sister and his country; the sister prayed for him that was nearest her heart,—her brother, who would be lost to her sight before another evening's shadow fell upon them. The sister shed no tears that morning, but as she walked by his side to the station, her breast heaved and she dare not speak for fear of breaking down. It was a touching leave-taking, for it is hard to part with those who are dear to us, and the sisters' heart was nearly broken. She watched the train until it disappeared from view, and turning away she murmered: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man may lay down his life for his friend."

JOAN DANIEL.


Annakin.
"Pickles"
"Skeey"
Cusick.
J. U.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, was an English writer and orator. Macaulay had a remarkable memory and when he was but a mere child was exceedingly intellectual. When but eight years of age, he had memorized Scott's "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and had composed several long poems resembling it. Macaulay was conservative, honest and good. He had a practical and an unromantic disposition. He admired heroes and heroisim, and was a hero himself. He was absolutely unselfish and was very loyal to his father. At one time when his father was bankrupt, Macaulay assisted in regaining his father's fortune, although he knew it would interfere with his own desires and plans. Whenever a question arose in which right and wrong were involved, Macaulay always upheld the right, regardless of consequences. He once voted for a reform of the bankruptcy laws, although he knew that if the reform bill passed that his position as a commissioner would cease. The bill passed. Macaulay lost his position and became so poverty stricken that he was compelled to sell the gold medals which he had won in college in order to maintain himself. Macaulay was of a cheerful disposition. He was unsuccessful as an essayist, because he was too practical to deal with questions pertaining to the inner life. He was frank in acknowledging his inability to write essays. Macaulay was a skillful orator. He could state his meaning more clearly and hold the attention of an audience more successfully than any man of his age. He was always positive and never doubtful. Thomas Balington Macaulay somewhat resembled the old Roman heroes whom he so much admired.

BETHEL LANE.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, THE CLASS OF 1916, West Terre Haute High School, in twenty-seven individual and distinct parts, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well trained memory and almost superhuman understanding, do publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all other wills and promises by us heretofore made.

First, we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by the Freshman Class, Kenneth Cusick officiating, only asking as a last injunction of the dying that the dignity and pomp that are worth our attainments and our positions as Seniors of "Grave and reverend mein" must certainly be deserved. And to such estate as it pleased the fates and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

Item 1. We give and bequeath to the dear faculty who have been our instructors in all the wisdom of the ages a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams. No longer need they lie awake through the long watches of the night to worry over the question of whether this or that Senior is doing his work. They have done their duty and verily now they shall have their reward.

Item 2. We bequeath to our beloved Superintendent, T. V. Pruitt, our sincere affection, deepest reverence and heartiest gratitude and the whole unlimited wealth of our eternal memory. In an attempt at partial payments for all that he has done for us during our years at the West Terre Haute High School we make over to him here and now a heavy mortgage on our future.

Item 3. We give and bequeath to W. T. H. H. S. the flag which we presented to the school on condition that it shall be kept in use.

Item 4. We give and bequeath to the Junior class as a student body our knowledge of science, hoping the class may survive it.

Item 5. To all future class presidents Dewey Annakin's ability to convince his classmates of his unerring judgment.

Item 6. If any one will use it, Wilbur Kern's bluff.

Item 7. To Miss Rogers, Arlo Lane's musical ability.

Item 8. To Miss Piepenbrink, Ralph Thorp's knowledge of German.

Item 9. To Paul Spears, Dewey Annakin's monkey-shines.

Item 10. To a "Proud" Sophomore, one Howard Donham.

Item 11. To the High School Library, Raymond Hurst's revision of the English Grammar.

Item 12. Since Arthur All is now through with the U. S. History reference books we bequeath the use of them to the rest of the students.

Item 13. Bernice Holbert hereby wills all claims to James Craft to Lola Van Allen.

Item 14. To Mabel Thorp, we will one "Mann."

Item 15. To Freddie Crews, we will some of Slats Curley's longitude.

Item 16. To William Cummins and Paul Fears we will and bequeath permission to be absent every afternoon after May nineteenth.

Item 17. To James Craft we will one pillow.

Item 18. To all future oratorical contestants we will and bequeath the oratorical ability of our distinguished orators, Ruth Erwin and Dewey Annakin.

Signed CLASS 1916.

A JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Roll on ye years of toil and woe,
Endless terms shall high school know.
Nouns and numbers both will last,
Society claim some other class.
Scholars wise will come—perhaps
Even when our years have lapsed.
Long will we remembered be,
Always for sincerity.
Ever shall the halls of fame
Re-echo long to praise our name.
Happy class of Freshmen fun!
Playing pranks from sun to sun
Cared we not for bawlings out,
We never even stopped to pout.
Searched in vain for bugs and bees,
Caught wild songsters from the trees.
How we studied! Oh, yes and learned
Of the things that credits earned.
O! But parties too we had,
Laughing then was just a fad.
Next we came as Sophomore lads
Industrious too, but rather sad.
Ne'er ending tasks fell to our lot,
Tho' pleasures too were not forgot.
Entertained ourselves again,
Elected officers—steady men,
Never failing as a whole.
Fair and wise tho' less in roll
To the school as Juniors came,
Entered songs with spirit rare,
Numberless discords echoed there!
Receptions and parties proved a delight,
And altho' we feel we sometimes might
Have again those happy times,
Recalling these will end our rhyme,
As we look back as the years ensue
Here's to the good old white and blue.

RUBY MYERS.

POETRY

TO OUR EDITOR.

Here's to the editor
Of this year book;
Please don't be unkind,
And for mistakes look.
She has labored so hard
To make a success of it
That all the class cannot
Help but to love it.
We all join to thank her,
And give her due praise,
So all give "three cheers"
For Opal Anderson.

—The Freshmen.

THE PSALM OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

Miss Shortridge is my teacher; I shall not pass,
She maketh me to add up long columns; she exposeth my ignorance before the whole class.
She restoreth my sorrow; she causeth me to devise deceitful methods for my grade's sake.
Yea, though I study until midnight,
I shall gain no knowledge, for addition and subtraction sorely puzzle me, and factoring distresses me.
She prepareth a test of great length for me; she giveth me a low grade.
My tears runneth over.
Surely distress shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the Freshman class forever.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

Dear old High School, from out whose hands,
The students fall like grains of sand.
We leave today, a disunited band,
Still loyal to our teachers and thee,
We thank thee for the great work done,
And trust thee for the opening one.
The students ever for thee shall fight,
And hear the echo of the right.
Our memories of thee are clear
And bring to us deeds that are dear,
And from which we never shall fear.
The dear old flag in the breezes unfurled,
Beneath the clear skies fulfills
The student's mission of good-will
And freighted with loves' golden fleece,
Sends back its message of good peace.
Make thou us through centuries long
Secure in peace, in knowledge strong,
Around our gift of pleasure draw
The guards of thy most gracious law,
And put us in some greater caste
This of thee is all we ask.

BERNICE A. HOLBERT

TO A SNOWFLAKE.

Through the air
With feathery lightness,
From the sky
You circle down,
Flake by flake,
The ground is covered
With your dazzling crystal down.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Through years of storm and battle roar,
With a nerve as strong as steel,
To him the people the nation o'er
Must bow their heads and kneel.

From the jeers of his fellow countrymen
To the height of a nation's fame,
From the rank and file of poverty
To the might of freedom's name.

With as high a rank in honor
As a nation great can give
As long as the sounds of time shall fall
That Giant's name shall live.

V. D. Annakin.

THAT TWILIGHT HOUR.

Twilight, Twilight,
With the fire a deep red glow.
Twilight, Twilight,
And then the thoughts of you.

Twilight, Twilight,
And the still white snow without
Twilight, Twilight
With my school chums all about.

But not to their merriment
At this quiet twilight hour,
But I only think of you, my friend,
And wonder where you are.

And there comes an odd impression
That goes flitting through my mind,
That if there's a twilight hour in heaven
We'll perhaps meet there some time.

V. D. Annakin.

A CORNER OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

Of all the girls in the Freshman class
Estella is the smartest.
In Algebra she ranks first
And likewise Latin which is hardest.

Now comes Miss Ellen,
The blushing maiden of the class.
For every time that she recites
Her heart goes "pit-a-pat."

Then comes little Joan,
A Welsh maid from afar .
And yet in all her classes
She is the boasted star.

Next comes Miss Emma,
The belle of class one
In prettiness to compare
With her, there is none.

Then comes Mary Farmer, who is in the lead
Of all those in her grade.
She's very smart and looks with pride
Upon the credits she has made.

The Freshmen boast of another good student,
Myrtle Brown, the wise and prudent.
I saw her studying with such might
That I soon concluded that she studied all night.

In the Freshman class
Joel Eggleston is brightest.
And none of the boys venture too near
For fear that he will fight 'em.

Right after Joel comes Tillman,
A perfect little pest.
He bothers his teachers so much
That they never have a rest.

Then comes Harold,
Another bothersome pest.
For when the teachers are through with
Tillman,
He cheats them out of another rest.

Next on the roll comes giggly Ray,
He did most all he dare
He threw a piece of chalk one day,
And lost most all his hair.

CRYSTAL KERN.

AN ODE TO THE MOON.

How often, Oh how often,
When the sun sinks very low,
When the night breeze starts to whistle,
Rustling very soft and low,
When the frogs down in the marshes
Start their far-off lonely croak,
And the cricket answers him again,
From the bank of the sluggish moat

When O, Lady Moon so fair
Sends her smiles through summer air,
From the mountain top o'er yonder,
Comes her light of mystic wonder,
How often, oh how often,
Have I thought, oh moon so bright
How many different faces
Gaze upon thy face tonight.

There're the weary eyes of travelers
Looking at thy silvery face
There's the wakeful eye of sentinel,
As he treads his weary pace,
There's the longing eye of student,
Wishing for thy secret not yet told,
There's the watchful eye of shepherd
Keeping guard o'er all the fold.

There're the tender eyes of lovers,
As they stroll now hand in hand,
There's the trained eye of the sailor,
Watching for a glimpse of land.
There's the anxious eye of mother
Watching by the tiny bed,
From the field of battle,
Comes a glassy stare,
From the glassy eyes of the dead.

V. D. ANNAKIN.

WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE.

To study, or not to study, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis best in the school room to suffer
The scolds and threats of the furious teachers,
Or to take in your arms your hated books
And going home burn the midnight oil.
To study, or to sleep, aye, that's the question—
To sleep, to study no more tonight
And by a sleep to end the brain fag
And the thousand tortures
That school boys are heir to.
'Tis a heavenly state, devoutly longed for.
To sleep—to sleep, but dreams may come
That make calamity of so brief a rest.
For who would bear the sting and scorn of teachers' tongues,
The pangs that failure brings,
When he might end them all
If he would but prepare his lessons.

Tell us not in mournful numbers,
Exams are an empty dream,
For the brain is dull that slumbers,
And grades are not what they seem.
Study hard! Exams are earnest!
For to flunk is not the goal:
"Swain thou art, a swain returnest"
Is not spoken of us all.
Trust no pony howe'er pleasant,
Take an airship, don't delay!
Act!—act in the living present.
Be alert, and blaze away!

—Exchange.

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
But all the simple little geese
Are in the Freshman Class.

—Exchange.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK
MAY 19-24

May 19—Senior Day
May 19—Eighth Grade Commencement
May 20—Faculty Reception to Seniors
May 21—Baccalaureate
May 22—Junior Reception
May 23—Alumni Reception
May 24—Sixth Annual Commencement

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME

March	Orchestra
Music	Orchestra
Invocation	Rev. O. G. Misamore
Music	Orchestra
Class Representative	Ruth Erwin
Music	Orchestra
Address	Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Music	Orchestra
Presentation of Diplomas	Supt. T. V. Pruitt
Benediction	Rev. F. F. Hargrave
Music	Orchestra

JOKES

A "FRESHIE'S" VISION.

A dear little "Freshie" (may his knowledge increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw within the moonlight on his bed,
Making his hair stand straight on his head,
A vision writing in a book; and he knew it
To be his friend Professor T. V. Pruitt.
The heart within the chap turned cold,
But mustering his grit to the vision he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head
And with a look, Oh such a sight!
Answered, "The names of those who study at night."

RUTH ERWIN.

Latin:

Caesar sic dicat unde cur egessi lictor.
The way a brilliant Latin student translated it:
Caesar sicced the cat on the cur, I guess he licked her.

Teacher to Latin student chewing tobacco in class: "Quid est hoc?"
Student's reply: "Hoc est quid."

Mr. Powell: "What are the villae?"
Bernice H.: "Mexicans."

LEST WE FORGET.

The three hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare is being celebrated this year.

The year 1916 marks the one hundredth birthday of the State of Indiana.

A Sophomore lad once stopped to watch,
A baseball flying at him.
He wondered if he could not dodge
And let it fly right past him.

A grade in the hand is worth ten nights at the show.

Hitch your wagon to a star,—but be sure that your wagon is greased.

Mr. Powell: "Hazel, how do the bones get their nutrition?"
Hazel: "Through them little do-jiggers."
Mr. Powell: "That is a very good scientific expression."

LEST WE FORGET.

The first "Annual" of the West Terre Haute High School was published in 1916.

JOKES

AN UNIQUE LIST OF STONES.

Freshmen—Emerald.
Sophomore—Blarney Stone.
Junior—Grindstone.
Senior—Tombstone.
Faculty—Millstone.

"Were you seasick crossing the ocean, Pat?"

"Oi was turrible sick coming over, but nivver a qualm did Oi hov goin' back."

"Really? How do you account for that?"

"Sure and Oi nivver wint back, yure honor."—Harper's Weekly.

The Seniors are noted largely
For always doing right.
The Juniors are noted seriously
For continually wanting to fight.
The Sophies are noted for fickleness
And modes of combing hair,
And Freshies are noted greatly
For look who they "air."

Mr. Pruitt—Who is George Washington?
Raymond Hurst—He is the man who makes cornflakes.

Amos, translating Latin—"Caesar drew up on the hill a line of four veterinary legions."

Miss Burkett—"What is a semicolon, Raymond?"
Raymond Hogue—"A dot with a wiggle."

Picking her way daintily through the locomotive works, a young woman visitor viewed the huge operations with awe.

Finally she turned to the young man who was showing her through, and pointing, asked, "What is that big thing over there?"

"That is a locomotive boiler," he replied.

She puckered her brows, "What do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotives tender," and the young man from the office never smiled.

"My younger daughter," said Mrs. Twickembury, "is very talented. She can sing solos, duets, triplets, or quadroons."
—Christian Register.

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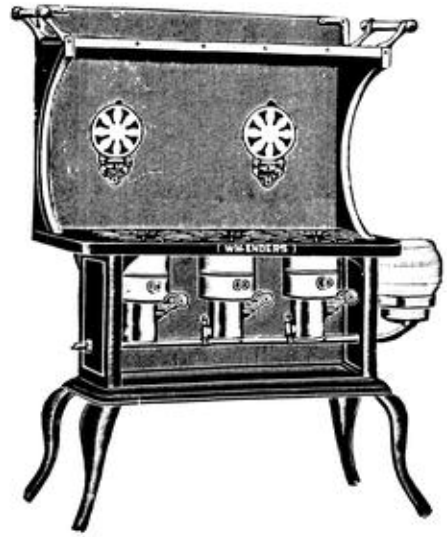

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